

# **RAGE**

## **FOR MEN**

December

25¢

ANC

***I Watched  
Africa's Bloodiest Rite***

**Rock 'N' Roll: The Sound Of Sex**

***The Burlesque  
Queen  
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# In the next issue of RAGE



... there'll be a reminiscent piece about the girl who stripped to the waist and posed for pictures with actor Robert Mitchum. The photo above is just a sample, so be sure to read "Whatever Happened to Simone Silva?"



Adventure? Here's a story from India, where a RAGE writer reports that earthquakes have loosed packs of ferocious animals on the natives. "Tusker on a Rampage" (photo, above) will tell a startling tale of sudden and awful death.



The Riviera and the Mediterranean islands are fond spots for frolicsome nudists (photo, above). For a titillating story that mixes laughs with excitement, get the next issue of RAGE just to take a gander at "Naked as a Jaybird."

# RAGE

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# The Editors

## Shoot the Breeze

**T**HIS is the first issue of RAGE, the best damned men's magazine in the country. Here's why we know so: In a day and age when men's magazines are pussyfooting over one hot subject after another, RAGE plans to call a spade a spade, a crook a crook, a bum a bum. We're pretty sure that's what you want in a magazine for men—we know it's what we want.

If you think the way we do, stick with us. We'll both be the better for it.

Starting right off with that rarest of things—the real lowdown about one of those international glamor pussies—we've got what we think is the best story to date on Italy's scrumptious Sophia Loren. On Page 44, in a way we figure you'll like, it tells some things about Sophia, in her own words, that are a lead-pipe cinch to lift your eyebrows. We've got an idea that Sophia isn't going to approve of some of the quotes she gave our reporter but we're printing them anyway. Hell has no fury like an Italian actress who reads something about herself that she doesn't like, but we believe in living dangerously.

You can't pick up a newspaper, book or magazine these days without reading about life in the suburbs—that it's either the greatest thing in the world or a fate worse than hell itself. But in all that welter of words, no doubt you'll find out something about the suburbs that proves it's as sordid a place as any of America's wickedest streets. If you think suburbia is the place where only the best people live, you've got a shock in store when you read "I Played Suburbia's Newest Sex Game," on Page 10.

We hold strong to the opinion that "there's nothing like a dame." Result: two picture stories this

month that illustrate two different sides of the female personality. One story starting on Page 34, shows the subdued, soft female as she busies herself making ready to lure the male. The other provides a look at the hell-for-leather kind of woman, in this case the best-looking lady wrestler you ever saw. We don't usually care to run pictures of muscle-bound women but in this case we think it's justified, for the purpose of the pictures is not to show her muscles but to prove one thing: When it comes to developing ways to put men flat on their backs, all girls—wrestlers or not—are exactly alike.

With the baseball season getting



near the final stages, we got into a hassle with some sportswriters the other day at Toots Shor's. Subject of the hassle: If you had to pick a major-league all-star team right now—based strictly on the performances of the players during the entire 1956 season only—what players would you pick?

The nominations went round and round with the bottles of beer but, surprisingly, something came out of the klatch. This team wasn't a unanimous choice, but there weren't many dissenters. For what it's worth, here it is: Duke Snider, Mickey Mantle and Hank Aaron in the outfield; Dale Long at first; Nellie Fox at second; Pee Wee Reese at short; Ed Mathews at third; Yogi Berra at catch and these three on the mound: Bob Friend, Whitey Ford and Robin Roberts.

By this time, every red-blooded American male has heard about Jayne Mansfield. Jayne is currently the big thing on Broadway, in the gossip columns, and in Hollywood. But what most of you haven't heard is the story of how she managed her sudden rise to fame and fortune. A short year ago, Jayne was a model and bit player; few people had ever heard of her. Then a movie company ran a junkie to Florida to preview, for the press, a Jane Russell movie. One of the starlets who "sneaked" aboard the Hollywood plane was Jayne Mansfield. When she landed in Florida she was still unheard of. But next morning, at the poolside, about 100 frantic, panting photographers were shooting picture after picture of—well, it wasn't Jane Russell. In a one-piece red bathing suit that clung to her remarkable body like honey, Jayne was wowing the boys. And, if you'll cast your eyes sideways, you can see one of those pictures that made Jayne famous. Any questions?



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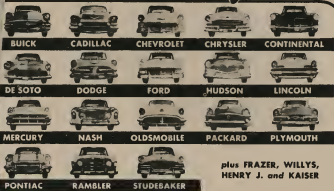
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In high-living suburbia society there's just one overpowering interest—

Thrills and more thrills.

Sometimes they're caught. You read in the papers about the wife-swapping parties, where suburbanites—high as kites on martinis—would toss their keys into the center of the room, then roar with delight as their wives scrambled for them. If a girl came up with your keys, she retired to the bedroom that night with you—while your wife went off to bed with someone else.

It was great fun—and it's still going on—for in suburbia, sex is king. But now there is a stranger, newer thrill for the commuters.

Here, in the words of one victim, is the whole terrible queer story. . .

The party was going full blast when my wife and I arrived. The liquor flowed like the proverbial wine and three of the most beautiful women I'd ever seen were bouncing from table to table.

Mary nudged me when I pretended to paw the floor at the sight of one particularly luscious blonde, and we smiled at each other because that was the kind of a marriage we had, one based on love and mutual trust.

If I'd known what we were getting into, of course, I would never have accepted the invitation. But we were new in the village—I'd just been transferred—from Boston to the home office—and we welcomed the opportunity to start making friends.

Mary had met Jane Peters, our hostess, at the beauty shop and was delighted to be greeted so warmly, then invited to a party. She knew I would be tired and that we should get the house in some sort of order before we started going out, but we agreed it wouldn't be wise to let people think we were a pair of stuffy stay-at-homes, so

(Continued on page 55)

*'Key' parties, wife-swapping—and now the latest thrill of jaded pleasure-seekers . . .*

# I PLAYED SUBURBIA'S NEWEST SEX GAME

BY ANONYMOUS

as told to Mel Short



She looked at me: "What am I offered, big boy?"

By JULIAN CROSS HANIBEL  
as told to  
DAVID MARTIN



## Nobody, he swore, would go as high or as fast... Then a valve stuck . . . and he got his chance

**T**EN—NINE—eight—” waiting in the blockhouse for the top-secret experimental rocket to blast off was like waiting for the end of the world. All the tenseness, the waiting, the careful calculations were sharpened on a pinhead. The months and months of preparation, the checks and double-checks, the tests that ran into the thousands.

And now—the smoke signal, the

red flag flapping in the wind, the warning sirens, and the slow, even voice, counting off the seconds.

“Seven—six—five—four—”

I got a glimpse of Bert in those last seconds.

His eyes were wide, his lips parted, and he was breathing deeply—just like everyone else in that concrete-and-steel blockhouse. The place was jammed with technicians, each one with a job to do.

They were all sweating over electronic equipment, waiting, waiting. Bert, on visual control, had his binoculars trained on the launching pad, waiting for the roaring first second when the world would become all flame and smoke and thunderous screeching. Movie cameras right up in the smoke and roar of the blast-off would catch the same thing, but Bert was the eyes of the world, with his glasses

My

## Buddy Was Blasted to Bits!

trained on the carbon-black of the launching pad.

“Three—two—one—FIRE!”

A red button was pushed, and hundreds of electronic controls clicked into action. The wordless count was down into milliseconds while we crouched in the blockhouse, waiting for the shock waves to crash down and overwhelm us.

But nothing happened.

We had a dud.

You could hear the shuddering sigh in the blockhouse; you could almost feel the easing of muscles, the loosening of tension. Somebody giggled, but it was cut off quickly in the dead silence.

Every eye turned to Bert. Visual control. One man's word against the 70 motionless needles on the control boards.

“Outside disconnect valve has jammed,” Bert called quietly from his post by the slit in the concrete. Eighty-six tons of slim rocket poised 110 feet on the launching pad. It was stuffed with tons of invaluable instruments, crammed with explosive fuels more destructive than any liquid ever combined on earth by man—and it was dead, inert, canceled out by a tiny valve the size of a man's clenched fist.

McCarthy, in charge of the launching, shook his head in discouragement. “Check the safety shut-offs,” he said quietly. “We'll replace the valve, and start over again.”

In the background one of the technicians started blowing dust from an instrument panel. Another looked around cautiously and started digging into his coveralls for a cigarette. But the guy at the main panel spun around on his stool. “Mac,” he called. “Give a look. That baby's alive. She's ready to go once that valve frees!”

McCarthy went across the narrow room like a deer clearing a windfall. He looked at the quivering needle. He straightened up slowly.

McCarthy didn't have to say anything. The one-chance-in-a-million had happened. Automatic cut-

off, the only safety device that kept a thousand engineers and mechanics from being blown to bits, and safeguarded a fortune in equipment, had failed. The rocket was alive. Ready to go. In a second, a minute, an hour or a day. Any unprotected living thing within reach would be dead when the rocket burst into life.

Bert crouched at the slit, his eyes to the binoculars focused on the slim pencil that poised on the blackened launching pad 100 yards away. But he had his ears cocked. He knew what was going on. He put the glasses down and started walking slowly across the room. He had his hand on the inner door. Then he threw it wide open, and

was running through the outer safety door before any of us could realize what was happening.

One of the men gave a yelp. There was a big stirring around. Somebody started out the door after Bert.

McCarthy rose up. “Back here, all of you! Back! Lock that door!” He grabbed the glasses and hunched down at the slit in the thick concrete walls.

A hundred yards. Thirteen seconds.

“He's at the ladder,” McCarthy snapped. “He's climbing up! He's at the second platform. He's reaching for the valve.” And then, almost like a little prayer, he whis-

(Continued on page 65)

“We fired hundreds of those rocket missiles until we knew what made them tick.”





# *Rock'n Roll*

**The SOUND of SEX**

By LINCOLN JAMES

# It's got half of America jumping — and most of our doctors worried. For the first time, here's the whole incredible story

THEY CAME OFF the plains in twos and threes, on foot, on bus, in beat-up Fords, even in Cadillacs. Anyway they could move, they roared into Forth Worth, the most incredible gathering of super-beated women since the funeral of Rudolph Valentino. Sixteen-year-old girls gouged his name in their arms with pen knives. Older women screamed his name, shouted, "I've got my husband's Cadillac outside. Come with me?"

The source of the confusion: a 21-year-old singer named Elvis Presley. The act: rock and roll. The meaning of it all: plain, unadulterated sex.

It happened in other places too, with and without Presley.

In Brooklyn a group of 40-odd teenagers got on a subway a few minutes after midnight. By the time they had gotten off at Times Square 15 minutes later, they had made the following changes: ripped out four seats, which they flung through an open window onto the express tracks; removed all the light bulbs from their sockets, throwing the car into total darkness; broke two windows; and terrified the adult passengers whose misfortune it was to be in the subway at that precise moment.

A week later the city of Cambridge, Mass., land of Harvard and home of the brave, had to call out 20 policemen to deal with 3,000 teenage girls who were running berserk through the august precincts of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

And a week later, a horrified Minneapolis newspaper noted that a thousand 13-year-olds had ap-

peared at a "midnight orgy of sin and lewd music" at a nearby fairgrounds, leaving behind them a trail of orange peels, paper cups, and broken window panes.

Rock and roll is big time. But why?

Said a psychologist: "Sure the kids love it. And why not? It's the only sexual outlet most of them have. Let them dance, let them

have a good time. If they don't blow it off this way, you're going to find them in a lot worse trouble."

In most states, the psychologist would have got an argument. "Some of that music is crazy. Teenagers have no business listening to disc jockeys at midnight. The way they're going they'll all have high blood pressure at 20," says Mary E. Driscoll, all-powerful chairman of Boston's licensing board.

And a New Orleans operator: "We got to give them this stuff. But I don't like it. Twenty years ago we called it dirty music."

Rock-and-roll music has swept the country like nothing else since swoon-crooner Frank Sinatra addled teenage brains 15 years ago. Simplified, rock and roll is a "repetitive, rhythmic music, dependent on mass hypnosis for its effect." "It's not," says noted anthropologist Antrium Warren, "much different from the drum rituals of Haiti."

And that's where the objectors come in. "Its exciting tempos could endanger the morals of our youth," Miss Driscoll says.



Current star is Elvis Presley, signing autographs (l.), in action (r.)



Elvis Presley, new king of rock-and-roll fans, struts through his first big hit, "Heartbreak Hotel."

Is she right? Yes, say psychologists. Here's why:

1) The rock-and-roll performance is a perfect recreation of the sex act. Beginning with soft, fluttery tones from the saxophones, the volume increases until the vibrato has reached a fever pitch. And then, all at once, the music lapses into a handful of spasmodic sounds, and ceases.

2) The teenage listener is affected sexually. The female mouth drops open, the eyes grow blank, the breathing grows heavy.

3) The rock-and-roll lyric is suggestive.

Essentially, rock and roll is a jazz by-product. Hot music poured out of the New Orleans brothels just at the beginning of this century. Since the beginning, it has

been a complicated form; modern, or progressive jazz, is even more so. It takes a heap of listening to make a harp a harmony. But as jazz developed, it brought along with it simpler forms. Boogie-woogie was one of those. Today it's rock-and-roll.

Sexual or not, rock and roll is big business. Alan Freed, ex-Cleveland disc jockey, will testify to that. Freed made himself a name in the midwest, was invited East by New York radio station WINS. He played rock-and-roll records, and shouted along with the music. The mail poured in. By last April he was big enough to run off a ten-day record-breaking rock-and-roll session at Brooklyn's Paramount. Gross: \$204,000, plus one wrecked subway car.

Freed is not the only happy victim of the rock-and-roll mania. Hollywood has kept right behind Freed with a Columbia-produced spectacular called "Rock Around the Clock." In one city, the movie outdrew a Grace Kelly flicker on the day the Ranier-Kelly nuptials were being held.

The title of the movie, it might be pointed out, was taken from a popular rock-and-roll tune of the same name. The rock-and-roll tune was in turn a variant of an old song, the words of which are familiar to every man who ever donned Navy blues: "Now this is number one, our story's just begun; and this is number two, etc."

But by far the luckiest of rock and rollers is the 21-year-old Kentucky hillbilly who, in the short



Exuberant fans at a Toronto concert roar approval; unlike some fans, these kids are not delinquents.

space of two years, parlayed a guitar and a mobile face into a million-dollar personality. Elvis Presley is gifted with more than an unusual name. His guitar-playing talent is slight; but when he works his hips back and forth, the girls go mad with delight. His attitude is one of hopeless sorrow, and when he sings his face works like the torments of a smashed frog.

But RCA-Victor, a corporation not noted for its charitable instincts, purchased the Presley contract for \$30,000, spent another five big bills for pre-release promotion. The bet payed off bigger than anyone had hoped. Presley currently has two songs at the top of the Hit Parade (one of which, *Blue Suede Shoes*, has the most unlikely title in the annals of show

biz).

What is Presley's appeal? It's hard to name all of it, easy to name some. Presley is actually as much a hillbilly stylist as a rock and roller. It's a weird combination, but a successful one. For one thing, he looks more like teenage-idol Jimmy Dean than fans of the late movie actor would like to admit.

For another, Presley on the stage squirms and his teenage female following seems to like it that way. At a recent "concert" in Corpus Christi, nearly one thousand dungaree dolls chased him from the stage into his dressing room, pounded at the door for a half-hour while feverish police attempted to drive them off. After that, there was no more rock and roll in Corpus Christi.

Texas is not the only state to suffer at the hands of music-heated adolescents. In Minneapolis in April, 500 juveniles snake-danced out of the theatre where "Rock Around the Clock" was showing. They roared downtown to break windows, tear out lamp posts.

Police were called out in La-Crosse, Wisconsin; in Bridgeport, Connecticut; in San Diego, California (where girls at a Presley revival meeting screamed so loud they drowned him out); in New York, where Brooklyn theatre owner Gene Pleshette pleaded with a two-block line of teeners to "go home, please."

And there was comment. Show biz bible, *Variety*, headlined thus:

(Continued on page 55)



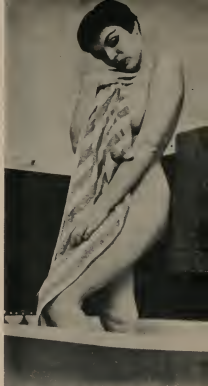
Before the bath, Sequin Garner strikes the pose that has made her a burlesque hit.



# SPANGLED SEQUIN

## *She portrays an art classic*

A girl in her bath has been the delight of artists and photographers since the immortal "September Morn." On these and the next four pages is shown the 1956 edition of that classic, a photographer's sensitive portrayal of Geraldine "Sequin" Garner—before, during and after her bath. Verdict of most critics: just as good as the original.



In tub, Sequin looks September Morn-ish. Ready to scrub, she shows a beautiful back.





20 Out again—no hot water—a chilly Sequin warms up.



In again—boiler's fixed—she casts an impish, saucy glance.



Getting down to work, singing-in-the-tub Sequin starts to wash.



She starts getting ready for theatre appearance.

Pulling on robe, she's set for a sandwich, then . . .





... ONSTAGE! where her act has made Sequin a burlesque sensation. This fall she'll tour Europe.

# 'I SAW AFRICA'S BLOODIEST RITE'

**YELLING DEFIANTLY, HE STRUCK WITH  
THE TWISTED WIRE. THE HIDE PARTED  
LIKE WET PAPER — SPEWING GORE**

By **GEORGE NUGENT**

**Y**ES, I'D HEARD about the horse beaters of Ibo. But you hear a lot of queer things in the West African service and I paid little attention to it.

Then, transferred to Eastern Railway Construction at Enugu, I saw them close-up—and I paid a price for looking.

Our first camp at Enugu was under canvas. I arrived with three others in the midst of a howling tornado. When it was over and I'd moved my tent away from a nest of stink ants, I became aware of the drums throbbing off to the northeast. They went on until dawn, bumping away in no particular rhythm, but tremendously impressive in the dripping silence that followed the thunderous fury of the tornado.

Later I ran into Jim McLeod, an A.D.O. I had met in Port Harcourt; learning that this end of Onitsha Province was under his administration, I asked him about the drums.

"Some town putting on a dance?"

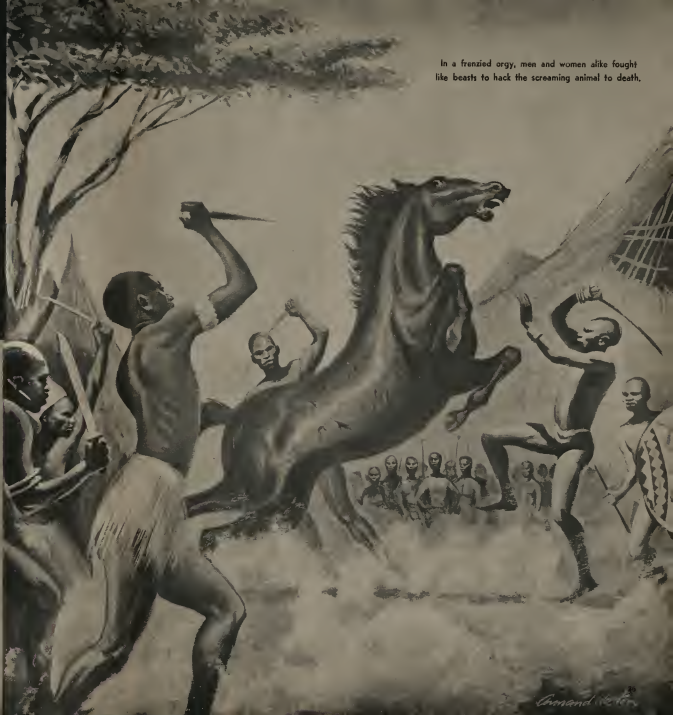
"Obu Anyinya," he said soberly. "The killing of a horse."

"What d'you mean?" I asked. "No horses here; this is *tse-tse* country."

"Obu Anyinya is the name of one of the most powerful Ibo secret societies," he told me. "Costs about forty pounds to join. Members wear ivory bracelets on their left wrist and long, blue cloths. It's the most powerful religious, political and

(Continued on page 60)

In a frenzied orgy, men and women alike fought like beasts to hack the screaming animal to death.





# THE BURLESQUE DANCER MURDER CASE

By EDWARD D. RADIN



Mildred Fogarty's last picture, taken shortly before the romantic ferryboat ride from which she was never to return alive.

*She resisted his love with bites and kicks,  
but the strip-teaser wound up nude and dead*

STATEN ISLAND is a pleasant place to live—if you like to commute by ferry. Situated in New York Harbor only a forty-five minute ride from frenetic Times Square, its scattered towns have retained much of their original rural flavor. The pace of life there is much slower than in the rest of New York City, and children have plenty of elbow room to roam about, plenty of space to keep such pets as horses, chickens and rabbits. Certainly it is the last place one would expect to find the nude strangled body of a former burlesque dancer.

On Wednesday, May 23, 1951, twelve-year-old Robert McSorley was bored; it had been raining steadily for several days and he longed to get out into the open. Late that afternoon, when the downpour had slowed to a drizzle, the boy saddled his horse and set out for a canter. His destination was Todt Hill, about a mile from his home in Castleton Corners.

When a little more than halfway up, the young boy spotted something white gleaming through the underbrush and he dismounted to investigate. A short time later, badly frightened, he was galloping his horse home.

"I found a naked lady up on Todt Hill," he blurted to his father, who wondered out loud if his son wasn't watching too many crime shows on television. But the

boy was so insistent that McSorley mounted the horse and went off to look for himself.

A short time later police cars from the New Dorp precinct were on their way to the base of the hill. There are no auto roads on Todt Hill and the officers climbed up by foot.

Visible through the underbrush, a few feet off the path, was the body of an attractive young woman, a silk scarf knotted tightly around her neck. Part of her body was still covered with twigs and leaves. It was apparent that the killer had covered the corpse with underbrush hoping that it would escape detection, but most of the covering had been washed away by the heavy rains.

The woman, lying face up, had long chestnut hair and light blue eyes. Her lips were heavily made up in the exaggerated large round mouth popularized by Hollywood. She was about five feet six inches tall, slender and shapely, and clad only in a pair of sheer nylon stockings and one green shoe.

With no signs of a struggle in the heavy underbrush, Captain Carl I. Blank, head of the State Island detectives, reasoned that the murder had taken place elsewhere and the killer had hidden the body there.

"It's a cinch he couldn't have carried her all the way up the hill," he told his men,

(Continued on page 46)



"It's Mildred! It's Mildred!" sobbed William Fogarty as he was shown his wife's body in morque. Then he collapsed. 27

# WE FOUGHT THE

# BLACK DEVILS OF THE ARCTIC

By ROY DAVEY  
as told to LESTER ATWOOD



"They came on without stopping, mouths open, needle teeth snapping wildly. We smashed with our clubs, desperately, in a welter of blood"

**T**HE GRIMY little motorship, St. George, weathered the Unimak Pass and headed northwest into the Bering Sea.

"Where the hell are we bound?" I asked Chuck Dunbar, another utility man.

He glanced at Captain Evans behind us in the wheelhouse.

"Going sealing, sonny," Evans's bass voice was a hoarse rasp.

"Wait a minute. That's illegal," I yelled. "I—"

"Yeah. Ain't we the bad ones!" Evans leered, his red eyes bloody slits between white eyelashes.

"What did you think this is, sonny, a Caribbean cruise?"

"My God!" I muttered to Chuck. "We'll all end up in jail!"

Before that voyage was over, I'd have given an arm to be safe in jail. Matter of fact I nearly did give an arm. And not willingly.

I was out of the service and still hadn't seen enough. I had to hang around Tacoma looking for a final splash of excitement before going home to my job in the middle west. So when I ran into Captain Evans of the St. George, who needed hands for a voyage to Alaskan ports, I put in for a job.

Evans, a big scoundrel, had pink hair, what was left of it, white eyelashes, a chin like a ram and a nose that had been broken too often. He weighed about 210 and his tattooed arms were like those of a gorilla. His voice was a hoarse whisper, though later he showed he could outbellow a gale of wind.

He looked me over so long I was ready to say something. Then he grinned.

"Utility man," he rasped. "Eighty a month."

That was well below union scale. But I had no papers.

"Where we bound?" I asked.

"Anchorage, back in about ten weeks."

The St. George was a dirty tub that stank of grease. Not much cargo space and that stowed with creosoted piles and railroad ties. The rest of the crew—there was a mob—staggered aboard around seven. For a hundred-foot vessel it seemed 20 men was a lot. But, as I said, I wasn't thinking much in those days.

I put in with Chuck Dunbar, a dark Canadian from Winnipeg. The rest were a hard lot of corner boys and Chuck warned me to keep my valuables about me at all times. Evans was captain and

Bull seal swirls on the ice on his belly, bellying madly as his harem is invaded. Open water in background signaled the break-up of sea ice.

Avent, his mate, was also chief engineer; I think they owned the vessel jointly.

What I didn't know was that Evans was waiting for the June beaching of the cows. The old bull seals come early to breed. They establish their grounds, wait for the cows to come and drop their pups. When the cows are ready to mate again, the big bulls corral as many as possible and hold them until they leave again around September. Among the cows are the bachelors and yearlings. They beach and form gangs which try to get cows away from the old bulls.

Those bachelors are the ones hunted for their pelts. They're protected, too, by the U.S. Canada and Russia. Besides government coast guard vessels, there are private seal collectors, working under concessions from the governments.

They don't wait for coast guards to handle any poachers.

Chuck Dunbar was as ignorant as I was. But what could we do?

"If we try any funny business with this gang," Chuck said to me one night, "they're likely to knock us over the heads and leave us." So when Evans passed out hardwood clubs like baseball bats to kill seals, Chuck and I made sure we got a pair.

For two days we passed small pods of seals swimming on our course. Then, as we sighted a misty lump on the horizon, the sea suddenly became full of smooth pointed heads. A dense fog closed in as we moved slowly towards land. I don't know what island it was, but it must have been part of the Pribilof group.

But that Evans had nerve. He ran in until we could hear the boom of surf and backed his engines while three boats were lowered with six men in each. We bucked through the surf and landed with a crash on a rocky, sloping beach. Man! It stank. All around us we could hear barking, roaring, sniffing and whining.

A big old bull seal came bubbling out of the gloom and Avent, in charge of the shore party, headed along the beach until there was open space.

"Bachelors'll be over that way,"

he called. "Get the boats along here and drag 'em clear of the water. We start killing in the morning." The St. George had pulled away soon as we left her; she didn't want to risk being sighted by a coast guard patrol.

We curled up in the lee of the boats but it was miserably cold; the fog seemed to soak into our clothes like water. But we slept until the mate came around whacking our feet with his club.

Then the slaughter started. The sea was like oil in the fog and all about us milled—big seals—barking, twitching their whiskers and edging over toward the family beaches.

"Split 'em up into small pods," Avent ordered. "Go ahead, you two greenhorns. All you got to do is knock 'em over the head."

The crew ran among the animals that heaved and flopped out of their way. A big Irishman swung his club and blood splattered the rocks as the animal gave its death bound.

Then the rest were among them striking like madmen. The terrified animals fought desperately to escape but the clubs caught them and they went sprawling, barking, whining, screaming as they died. Inside an hour over a hundred dead seals lay about us. Dunbar took a half hearted swing at one. It ducked and the club broke at its

shoulder.

It screamed piteously and I rushed forward to bash its head in.

Behind us men were splitting the warm carcasses and ripping the blubber-larded hides off to pile them beside the boats. Others went inland, chasing panicking seals into the hills above the beach.

I was among a bounding, barking herd. One took a snap at me. I struck it down. Another sharp mask bobbed at me. I flailed at the smooth heads until my arm was tired and my pants soaked with blood and gore.

Once I saw a fat New Englander scoop a handful of blood from a kicking seal and drink it. "Good for what ails you," he winked at

me, blood running down his chin.

That did it. I reeled off behind a rock to throw up. Now I could smell all the filth and my hands and clothes were slimy with it. I lay drained and weak for half an hour. Then Avent found me.

"No guts, eh?" he jeered. "Come down here, you crumb, and load pelts."

They had shoved the boats back into the water. Chuck and another fellow were heaving the freezing pelts into them. I gave a hand and we loaded 600 pelts by the time the last boat pulled out into the fog.

"Okay, you guys," Avent shouted. "You two get up there in the gulley. We'll drive up to you. Stand

by and see none get past you."

There were a dozen men left; the others had taken the boats out. Chuck and I climbed the shelving beach and entered a sort of ravine between steep rock walls. But what Avent didn't know was that this was no gully. It was a dead-end crevice in the rock blocked by cliffs too steep for any living things to climb.

"I'm for taking it easy," Chuck said. "I've had enough of smashing those beasts. Let 'em drive 'em into this place and do their own bloody slaughtering."

We could hear shouting, the smash of clubs and piteous bleating. We were deep in the cleft, our

(Continued on page 63)





# THE TRUTH ABOUT THOSE FRENCH POSTCARDS

Most of them could be shown to even your Aunt Tilly. Here's the riotous story behind one of the most amazing deceptions of World War II



"Nymph and Satyr," by Scalbert.



"Odalisque," by Far Si.

**YOU'RE BY YOURSELF**, walking down the Champs Elysees in Paris. Suddenly this guy appears in front of you. He is small and olive-complexioned, and he is wearing a suit coat and white shirt, buttoned at the collar but tieless. He catches your eye. Just as you pass he opens his hand, flashes a little pink packet, whispers out of the corner of his mouth in English: "Pictures? Frenchy pictures?"

Or you are walking down the Rue de Rivoli next to the Tuileries. This time it is more brazen, for you've got a girl with you. You spot another of these little guys way down the street and you try to lose his eye. You turn your girl into one of the shops and you stall for time. Then you look outside. Nobody is there. You decide you can leave. But there he is waiting for you on the sidewalk.

"Joe?" He flashes a pink packet too, smiles, "You want pictures, Joe?"

When you finally get rid of him your girl says:

"What was he trying to sell you? Pornography?"

And you may have trouble answering her questions.

A lot of Americans have been asking questions about the little Paris street vendors of pornography. Some have been finding the answers by personal experience. I was talking recently with the Paris representative of a large and respected American private detective agency.

By GIAN L. GIAN

"Each year we have two, three men take the trouble to come to our offices about these Paris post cards. It's their fault if they get drunk and spend fifty dollars for this kind of stuff and then get stung. But some of them get real sore and they come to us and they want to get their money back from the racket."

"Why? Where's the racket?"

"It's the pornography."

"What about it?"

And he explained it to me, this strange story of Paris, nude pictures and men known as the camelots or street vendors. Petty racketeers, they usually have a police record of many arrests, few convictions. They sell statues of the Eiffel Tower or cheap rugs or paste jewelry (under the guise of pushing stolen goods). They work twice the hours of an honest Frenchman for half the pay, but they scoff at steady hours as the worst fate that could befall a man.

Jacques Martiner, a cripple, was a camelot. He sold little statues along the Champs Elysees and along the Rue de Rivoli.

When Paris was captured by the Nazis in the early days of World War II, Jacques vowed he'd help throw out the invaders. One night he lay in his bed in a little pension on the Left Bank near the Sorbonne. Outside he could hear the German troops stopping students

and interrogating them, sometimes letting them go, sometimes running them in. He cursed himself, a crippled camelot selling his wares mostly to the very men he detested.

Then he had an idea.

The next day Jacques went to the Louvre and the Musee de French art galleries. Up and down the aisles he hobbled, taking careful notes. When he arrived home that night he called a photographer friend of his.

"How hard is it to get film?"

Jacques asked.

"Impossible."

"There is absolutely none?"

"Well, perhaps a little. Why?"

"Meet me at the Bete Noire and I'll explain. These telephones . . . you can't trust them."

"At the Bete Noire in half an hour."

Before Jacques had finished explaining his project to his photographer friend both men were holding their sides with laughter, and the photographer promised to see what he could do. They separated. A few hours later the photographer reappeared in a German uniform, an extremely dangerous thing to do during the Occupation. He posed as a morale officer for the German Army; Jacques acted as his interpreter.

They set off for the first museum Jacques had visited earlier.

"We want to see the curator," Jacques announced. They flashed

(Continued on page )



Classic pose of reclining nude, "Evil," by Carabovet.

# A LADY WRESTLER'S NIGHT

Penny is pinned by June Byerly during a wild scrap, but squirms free a moment later.







Warm-up before bout includes stretching with wrestler's help. Says Penny: "I can hear my bones popping."

## ***There's little glamor—just bone-crunching hard work***

**T**HERE HAVE been hundreds of stories and thousands of pictures about women wrestlers, but—to the knowledge of the editors—never before has a story been done about these girls which includes their activities before and after they grapple on the mat.

To tell this story, RAGE assigned a photographer and reporter to follow 21-year-old Penny Banner as she prepared for a match with

June Byers in Denver, Colo. Penny, who hails from St. Louis, Mo., first became interested in wrestling at the age of 18 when she took some defensive-judo classes at a local YWCA. She was so good that she was offered a job wrestling professionally; she didn't know very much about the sport but the pay was good—far better than she was making as a cashier—and there was the opportunity to travel.

Since then, she's had three or four matches a week all over the United States, Canada and Mexico. Her life is a crowded, busy one—rushing from hotel to train to locker room to hotel and then to another train.

The pictures on these and the next four pages show the most important moments of Penny's busy life—just before, during and after a match.



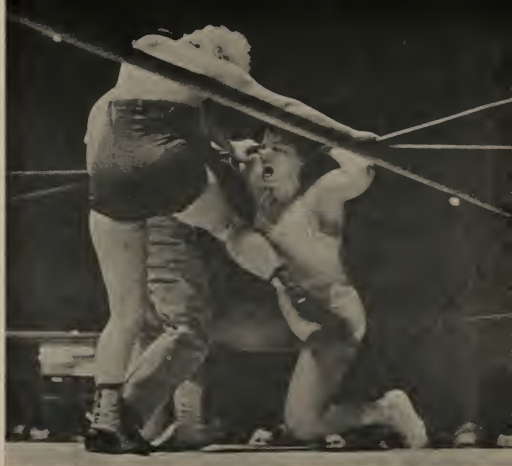
Before bout, Penny is checked by doctor, found in good shape.



Ready to meet public, she talks to promoter.

On her way to face opponent June Byerly, Penny shows her fans how well she fills out her brief wrestling costume.





Battle starts with Penny getting the upper hand, dropping a screaming June to the mat with a neat flip.

Penny apparently has battle won as she pins June... . . . but June rips back to pin Penny and win.





A dispirited loser, Penny rests wearily after bout.



Her strength back, she checks how much damage was done.

After a quick shower, Penny dresses, straightens her seams.





A night's work done, she trudges back to hotel for a nap before an overnight train ride to Chicago.



# DEATH RIDES A THUNDERBOLT

*He was the bravest, toughest 'shooter' in the oil fields, a man who handled nitro like it was candy—except when it rained!*

By HARRY BOTSFORD

SURE I WAS SCARED. What do you think? The powerful truck was roaring down the narrow woods road at more than 60 miles an hour on a road where 25 miles an hour was fast. And I was carrying a cargo that needed only a slight jar to blow me to kingdom come.

The truck lurched over a jutting stump and Augie Bond twisted the wheels just enough to avoid another stump. The engine's roar was lost in a savage blast of thunder; the darkness was split with a blinding and vicious stab of light-

ning. Augie's face was twisted with fear and horror; his foot pressed harder on the accelerator. The truck leaped ahead faster and faster, like a spurred horse. The rack of empty shells in the twin cradles on the back of the truck rattled ominously as if they were shrilling for help.

It was a wild, terror-stricken ride. I was 17 years of age and I have never forgotten it.

"Augie! Augie!" I screamed. "For God's sake, slow down! Slow down!"

He didn't answer.

(Continued on page 58)

*The murderers gathered at the tavern,  
in high humor, until the door swung open  
and the murdered man walked in . . .*

By HOWARD CRANDALL

# THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE

JOHN MICHAEL MALLOY, as usual, had been drinking hard that December night in 1935 when he walked into Tony Marino's bar in the Bronx. Tony was behind the bar, polishing glasses. He looked up at Malloy's haggard face and said jestingly to his bartender:

"You know, Murphy, Malloy looks all in. He ain't got much longer to go. The stuff is gettin' him."

Then a sudden thought brightened Tony's gloomy mind and from that moment a fantastic chapter in the annals of the physical durability of man began to unfold. And before it was over, Malloy so defied the accepted limits of human endurance that many were convinced the medical books had sold man short—of men like Malloy, at least.

Mike Malloy shuffled up to the bar and stared longingly at the rows of whiskey bottles against the mirror. He had no money and both Tony Marino and Joe Murphy, partners who owned the tavern, knew it. But Tony decided to be expansive.

"Have one on the house, Michael, my boy," said Tony. "It's cold enough outside to freeze a man stiff. You'd better warm up a while." Tony was in his middle forties and Malloy was well into his sixties, but half the population of Third Avenue was "my boy" to the tavern owner.

Mike was amazed. He had expected to mooch a drink or two from one of Tony's more sympathetic customers at best. But to have Tony himself set 'em up! It was almost too much.

"What a wonderful world," Mike mused, thinking the coming Christmas had something to do with Tony's largesse.

Tony came around the bar, pulled up a stool and sat down next to Mike.

"My boy," he said, "I've been curious to know your age. I bet Murphy here that you weren't a day over 48. He says you're past 60. What about it?"

Malloy downed his drink in a gulp and pushed his empty glass back to Murphy, as if a refill were the price of an answer.

"So you think I'm over 60, do you?" Malloy measured his words

slowly as he watched the bartender pour. With the whiskey safely in hand, he added jubilantly:

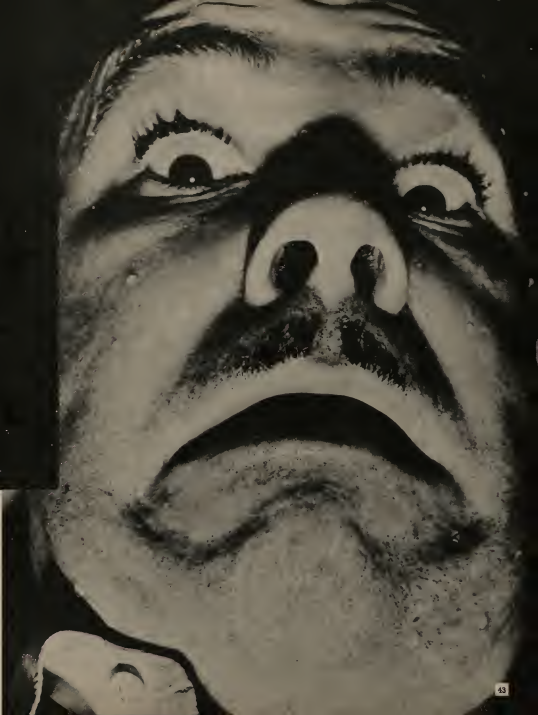
"I'm 64—be 65 next Easter Sunday. And I can drink harder and longer and faster than any man 20 years under me."

Tony frowned at Malloy's words and walked away. In his office—a cluttered table beside a sink in the back room of the tavern—he sat down, picked up a pencil and began figuring on paper. Soon he came out again and returned to Malloy, who was now chatting gaily as he recounted the adventures of his rugged youth in a crack hook-and-ladder company.

"Mike, my boy," said Tony, "where were you born?"

"Right here in the beautiful Bronx, next door to the old firehouse," Malloy replied. He was rapidly becoming saturated by

*(Continued on page 52)*





You've read about her, seen pictures of her. Now find out what

Italy's most luscious star is **REALLY** like . . .

By RAY ADAMS

**F**ROM TIME to time, RAGE will go to the women who make headlines, girls like Marilyn, Gina, Anita. We'll go behind the publicity clasp, behind all the half-truths and whole lies told and written about these stars. To get at the real truth, our reporters will set down their interviews exactly as they happened, in question-and-answer form. Our first subject: Italy's most rapidly-rising star, beautiful Sophia Loren (opp.p.).

Q. I've shaken hands with a lot of movie actresses, Sophia, but I've never felt a hand as smooth as yours. How do you keep them that way?

A. Olive oil. Every night before I go to bed I massage my hands with three tablespoons of . . .

Q. Do you . . . I mean . . . this olive oil massage, is that only for your hands?

A. How much olive oil do you think I can afford? Q. All you want, from what I hear. They say your annual income is about one million dollars a year, after taxes.

A. That may be true, I wouldn't know. Mama handles all my money. I give her my paychecks; she gives me my allowance, and pays all the bills. We call her, the family banker.

Q. I suppose you spend most of your money on clothes?

A. You suppose wrong. I only buy enough clothes to keep warm and . . . covet. So many girls must buy expensive clothes to give themselves an attractive figure, I'm lucky. I have the figure to begin with, no?

Q. Yes. And while we're on the subject, how do you manage to keep that figure in a country where most of the good food is so fattening? Do you have to say no to the pasta?

A. You're so right. Spaghetti. I love it. In Naples, before I am a movie star, I eat spaghetti twice a day. Even after I come to Rome, even after I am no longer Sofia Scicolone but Sophia Loren, I still eat a dish of it every day. Then my maid begins to complain that my dresses are shrinking. She is tactful. So I look in the mirror and see the truth . . . here . . . and here, and here. So now I must cut out all pasta.

Q. What do you do for fun?

A. I drive fast. A Fiat 1400, custom-made. What's funny is I never get speeding tickets, only parking tickets.

Q. Do you pay for them out of your allowance, or does Mama pay for them?

A. Now you're teasing. I pay them. They are only 300 lire each—about 50 cents in your money.

Q. How are the night clubs in Rome?

A. I never go out at night. I stay home with my mother and sister, and we read or talk.

Q. Sophia, you know that sounds like something a publicity man made up for you to say.

A. But it's true. And you know why? Because Italians are very jealous people, especially jealous of the people they make stars out of. If they read about me wearing expensive gowns and going out night-clubbing

all the time they would think I was flaunting my money in their faces. They would begin to say, "Who does that Loren think she is?"

Q. O.K., so you stay home. There's a story that your favorite pastime at home is to take off all your clothes and dance by yourself, in your bedroom, to mambo records.

A. Do you believe it?

Q. I'd like to. It creates a certain picture.

A. Well, it's not entirely true. You see, I also sometimes dance to music from my bedroom radio, too.

Q. Have you sung or danced in any of your movies? A. I just finished one called *La Donna di Fueme*, The River Girl, and there's one scene in it where I sort of hum a wordless tune and wiggle around a bit. The director said it was very effective.

Q. Do you think Italian movies have been so successful in America because of their emphasis on sex?

A. They don't emphasize sex nearly as much as most of your Hollywood movies. We take it for granted that women have bodies; Americans make a big fuss over it.

Q. Have you ever had to pose for, say, a calendar, before you got into the movies?

A. No. But for a couple of years I was a model for the pictures that illustrate the love stories in some of our confession magazines. But I was always fully clothed, never partially undressed or nude. Many other Italian actresses started their careers the same way. Gina Lollobrigida, for instance.

Q. According to your publicity people, your bust measures 38 inches, larger than Gina's. Would you say that was accurate?

A. Gina and I are not in that kind of competition with each other. 38? I don't know. Maybe 39. I haven't measured myself lately.

Q. The movie you're making now co-stars Charles Boyer. How is it to work with him?

A. Delightful. He speaks French, I speak Italian, so we cannot possibly argue.

Q. Will you make some American movies?

A. Paramount wants me to go to India for them; other studios want me to go here, go there. I don't know! I'll follow my manager's advice. Perhaps it would be best to keep on making pictures in Italy, where one can be more honest.

Q. I've been watching you for a week, now, Sophia. You get to work at 8 a.m., work through till 6 or 7 then go to the sound studio to dub voices. They tell me you have been doing this for two years straight, without a break. Why do you work so hard?

A. In the last three years I've made 17 movies without a day off in between. But it doesn't seem like work when you enjoy what you're doing.

Q. Come now. Some people say you're trying to make all the hay you can while the sun shines, that you're worried about the pretty young Italian actresses who'd like to take your place.

A. Take a good look. Close. Do you think I need to be worried?

Q. I should say not.

MEET

Sophia Loren

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**MAIL COUPON**

## BURLESQUE DANCER MURDER CASE

Continued from page 26

"so he must have killed her near here." He ordered them to fan out through the woods and search for clues. It was after five p.m., the rain had started again, and visibility was poor as officers began their search with flashlights.

Meanwhile, Assistant Medical Examiner Dominic J. DiMajo arrived from Brooklyn. He said the victim had been in her early twenties and estimated that she had been dead for about four days. The physician added that bruise marks on her throat indicated that the killer had first throttled her with his hands, and had tied the scarf about her neck later.

The first find was made about a hundred yards away when officers suddenly came upon the crumbling fieldstone foundation of an old burned-out house. Flashlights trained down into the shallow excavation showed up a rain-soaked bundle wrapped in newspaper.

Before unwrapping the package, the officers noted that the newspaper was a late Saturday night edition. This checked with the time of the murder as set by the medical examiner. The bundle contained a torn nylon brassiere with the words "Deep 'n' Secret" stenciled across it, five envelopes, and several slips of green paper. Scrawled in pencil on the outside of three of the envelopes was the figure "\$100," while the other three were marked "\$50." The envelopes were empty. The slips of paper turned out to be cash voucher forms bearing the imprint of a television manufacturing concern in Clifton, New Jersey.

A bit further up the hill the searchers picked up a woman's shoulder bag. It was empty, and the manufacturer's label had been torn out. The missing clothes, including the mate to the green shoe, were finally found in the woods some five hundred feet from the body. The clothes were wrapped in a woman's black and yellow checked raincoat, the sleeves of which were turned inside out as if the garment had been pulled from her. The rest of her clothes showed similar signs of violence. Her green and blue plaid dress was torn from the waist to the hemline, a yellow half-slip, edged with lace, was turned inside out, while a pair of sheer pink panties containing the embroidered inscription "Tuesday—All My Love," were torn on one side.

A teletype description of the murdered woman was sent to all police stations in New York City and furnished to newspaper reporters. Photographers were allowed to take pictures of the distinctive checked raincoat for newspaper reproduction to assist in identifying her.

Meanwhile, the rest of the clothing, the envelopes and the voucher slips were turned over to members of the Technical Research Laboratory for scientific study.

Early the following morning a desk lieutenant in the West Forty-seventh Street station house in Manhattan read the teletyped description and recalled that on Sunday a man named William Fogarty, who lived in a hotel on the same street, had reported his wife, Mildred, twenty-three, missing. The description he gave seemed to match that of the murder victim on Staten Island.

A detective was sent to pick him up and take him to the Sea View Hospital morgue. Fogarty, a massive truck driver of some two hundred and sixty pounds, burst into tears when shown the garments found in the woods. "They belonged to Mickey," he sobbed. He collapsed when shown the body. "It's Mildred, it's Mildred," he repeated over and over.

Fogarty could not account for his wife's going to Staten Island. He had seen her last on Saturday afternoon when she had left the hotel, saying she would be out for a while. When she failed to return by Sunday morning he checked by telephone with her mother who lived in the Bronx, learned she wasn't there, and then reported her missing.

Born Doreathy Mildred Sarasky, Fogarty's wife had dropped her first name because she felt it was too fancy. She had worked as a burlesque dancer in New Orleans but, tiring of the bump and grind routine, had returned to New York. He met her the previous year. She had been trying to get a break in show business.

Fogarty said he was temporarily out of work because of an arm injury, and Mildred had pitched in by working part time as waitress in various restaurants in the Times Square and Chelsea sections of Manhattan. When she worked she would earn as high as fifteen to twenty dollars a day, and they were able to get along.

Recalling that no jewelry had been found on the murdered woman, Captain Blank questioned the husky driver on this point. Fogarty said she always wore a wedding ring, an inexpensive ring, a gold wrist watch and a cross on a silver chain.

Experts at the Technical Re-

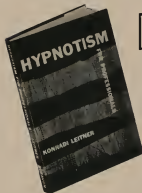
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search Laboratory had been able to raise some faded pencil writing on the slips.

A list was compiled of all the restaurants and taverns in which the burlesque dancer had worked or was known. This proved to be very lengthy and Detectives Sabrini and Romer took over the job of checking them to see if they could pick up her trail from the time she left the hotel Saturday afternoon.

They kept at the task for days, finally arriving at the Yorkshire Tavern on West Twenty-third Street not far from the fashionable London Terrace. Two waitresses, Arline Gorman and Lorraine Men-trak, said they knew Mickey. They had last seen her on the Thursday before the murder. She had been with a man named Eddie Dolling, a frequent patron of the tavern.

The two girls exchanged glances. "There's something funny about this," one of them said finally. Both girls lived in a small hotel not far from the restaurant. Several days after the murder, Dolling had dropped into the tavern, told the waitresses he lived in the same hotel, and invited them to come up to his room. As an inducement he had shown them some jewelry and said he would give it to them.

"What kind of jewelry?" Sabrini asked.

"That's what's funny," Miss Men-trak replied. "He had a ring and a watch and they looked familiar to both of us. We think they belonged to Mickey." They had declined the invitation.

The detectives hurried to the hotel, only to learn that Dolling had not been seen since Saturday. His room had since been rented. The officers asked for and received the registration card to check on the address Dolling had used when he signed in. The man had given his address at 323 Prince's Bay Road, Staten Island.

The officers knew that there was no street with that name on Staten Island but there was a Princess Bay section. Evidently the man who had given the false address knew that area well and would be familiar with Todt Hill.

Detective Sabrini telephoned the information to Captain Blank at his headquarters on Staten Island. Detective Alfred Kane recalled having made an arrest at 323 Segune Avenue in the Princess Bay section some years before and looked through his files until he found the record.

The incident had occurred in 1938. The man was not named Dolling, but August Jagusch, and he had a record of arrests for assault, petit larceny, burglary and extortion. He was a small, gaunt man with deep-set eyes. Rogues' gallery

pictures of Jagusch were sped to Detective Sabrini who showed them to the waitresses. Both women identified Jagusch as the man they knew as Dolling. He was the one they had seen with Mickey.

While newspapers still carried reports of the unsuccessful search for the former husband of the murdered burlesque dancer, police quietly began looking for Jagusch. They learned that he had married a woman under the name of Dolling but that she had left him.

On June 2 police found Mrs. Alice Dolling living in Brooklyn with her mother. An attractive slim blonde, she said that her marriage had been a tragic mistake. While courting her, Dolling had posed as a doctor but after they were wed she learned for the first time that he actually was an attendant at the Sea View Hospital on Staten Island—the same place where the body of the murdered burlesque dancer had been brought for an autopsy.

Despite this bad start, Alice said she had been determined to make a success of her marriage. But as time went on she became frightened of her husband and on several occasions feared that he might kill her. Unable to stand it any longer, she had fled to her mother's home. She was very much surprised when informed her husband's true name was Jagusch, and even more astonished to learn that he had a criminal record. The very next morning Mrs. Dolling received a call from her husband. This time, instead of a curt refusal, she put him off and suggested that he telephone again later in the day. Meanwhile, she promptly notified police and two detectives were present when he did phone again. Acting under instructions, Alice invited him to come out to her mother's home that evening, but Jagusch suddenly turned wary.

"I can't make it tonight. I'll ring you in a day or so," he said and hung up.

Finally, after canceling a dinner date, he called again, this time setting the meeting place in front of the Crossbay Theater in the Ozona Park section of Queen's County, a fifteen-minute ride on an elevated train from Alice's home in Brooklyn. He would meet her at ten-thirty p.m.

When she reached the elevated station she started up the stairs and the detectives waited until she got a good head-start, not wanting to be too close behind her. Alice reached the west platform. As she stood waiting for a train, a man in a white T-shirt waved to her from the east platform. It was her husband. He motioned with his hand

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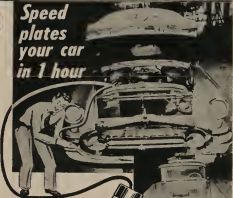
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that he would meet her down on the street.

Walking casually, betraying none of the terror she felt, the plucky woman started down the steps just as Crane started up. Without speaking, she signaled with her head, and Crane waited for her to reach the sidewalk. Meanwhile, Di-Giovanni was approaching the stairs when he noticed her coming down. He backed into a doorway and waited.

Jagusch came across the street, took his wife by the arm and started walking her rapidly up the street. The two detectives rushed up from behind and seized the suspect before he could turn.

Rushed to Staten Island for questioning, the prisoner denied any knowledge of the murder of the burlesque dancer. He admitted having met Mickey two nights before the murder in the Yorkshire Tavern but claimed that it was the first and last time he had seen her. He said the ring and watch were some cheap items he had picked up at a sale and later had given away to a girl. She was a pickup and he didn't even know her name.

But as the officials made him repeat his story over and over, he became confused and changed some of the details. Faced with these discrepancies, he finally cracked at about two a.m. and agreed to talk after he had something to eat.

In his confession, Jagusch said that he had met Mickey for the first time on May 17 and they had had a lot of fun talking. She had agreed to meet him on Saturday.

He met her in front of a restaurant, and since it was a warm evening he suggested that they take the pleasant ferry boat ride to Staten Island where he knew a good place to eat.

After debarking from the ferry, he had taken her to a tavern where they had something to eat and drink. As a former resident of Staten Island for many years, he was familiar with Todt Hill and he remembered the isolated spot of the old abandoned foundation.

Jagusch said they sat against the wall for a while and when he attempted to make love to her she bit him hard.

"She must have been crazy," he said. "She kept biting me and I kicked her. She kicked me back. I don't know what happened after that but I looked down and I had my arm around her neck. Her back was up against me and my arm was pressing into her throat. My arm was tired and I let go, and she fell down on the ground. I felt her pulse and couldn't feel anything. I listened to her heart and I couldn't hear anything."

Jagusch was placed on trial on July 16. After his confession had been introduced into evidence, he offered to plead guilty to second degree murder. Since there was no proof of premeditation, District Attorney Methfessel agreed to accept the plea. Jagusch was sent to Kings County Hospital for observation, and when psychiatrists there reported that he was sane he was sentenced to a term of twenty years to life imprisonment.



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## THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE

Continued from page 42

now and noticed nothing peculiar about Tony's sudden interest in his personal history. Tony then elicited the names of Mike's parents, their birthplaces, whether there were any brothers or sisters and enough other vital statistics to write Malloy's biography. In fact, some writing is what Tony had in mind—writing an insurance policy on Malloy's life.

The next day Tony altered Malloy's vital statistics, making him a somewhat younger and more attractive risk. Then he located a hungry insurance agent. The agent, not a very curious man, wrote an \$800 policy on Mike's life—without even seeing him—with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Then he also wrote two more policies with the Prudential Company. In all three policies Tony Marino was the beneficiary for a total of almost \$2,000.

Tony and Joe Murphy were no strangers to the business of insuring other people. They had rehearsed for just such a case only six weeks earlier. The actor in that affair was Tony's sweetheart, dazzling blonde Betty Carlson. Betty was frail. Tony always worried about Betty's health and finally insured her life for \$300. Then he and Murphy filled her full of liquor. She passed out and they tossed her into a flophouse room. After stripping her naked, they opened the windows to the blasts of winter, soaked her bed with ice water and poured some over her. She died shortly afterward of pneumonia. They collected the insurance.

On Christmas Eve they were ready for him. Murphy arranged a carefully-marked whiskey bottle for Malloy. It was filled with an extremely poisonous brand of automobile anti-freeze. Malloy arrived as expected, broke. But Tony and Murphy were prepared to make him feel right at home.

"Michael, my boy," Tony boomed, "you look like you need a drink to enjoy the holiday better. Sit down. Everybody should be happy on Christmas Eve."

Malloy relaxed and accepted a double shot of the lethal preparation from Murphy, whose hand shook slightly as he poured it. Thirsty Malloy downed the anti-freeze at a gulp and set the glass down. Murphy filled it right up again. Down it went. By 1 a.m. Malloy had put away at least a dozen

of these potent cocktails. Then he passed out.

Tony and Murphy clucked sympathetically. "That's a shame," Tony said. "Right on Christmas Eve, too." He apologized to other patrons and told them he and Murphy would take Malloy into the back room and let him sleep it off in comfort. Tony stayed in back with the unconscious Malloy and put an ear to the old man's chest periodically. He was pleased to note that Mike's heartbeat was slowing down steadily. Finally he could hardly hear it. Smiling, he called Murphy, who had just closed up in front. It was four a.m. The pair sat down beside Malloy and began to figure their shares of the insurance.

An hour went by and Tony said: "He ought to be through by now." He put his ear to Malloy's chest and listened. To his astonishment the heartbeat had picked up and was going as strong as ever.

"It's perkin'," Tony exclaimed. Murphy pushed him out of the way and listened himself. By now Mike's ticker sounded like a smooth set of pistons purring away in high gear. Dumbfounded, his hosts sat and watched him. At eight o'clock Malloy opened his eyes, dragged himself to his feet, greeted Tony and Murphy sheepishly and staggered out the front door.

Mike was back that night. This time he took 16 shots of anti-freeze before going to sleep. Again he was dragged into the back room and deposited on the floor.

"It'll work this time," Tony told Murphy confidently. "He must of ate something yesterday."

But Mike came to after six hours and walked out under his own power again, after profuse apologies for his shameful performance. This routine was repeated each night for two weeks. Tony and Murphy would serve up the poison, Malloy would drink it down and pass out, and then recover and return in fine shape. On New Year's Eve, Malloy got a little sick for a while, but quickly recovered and otherwise seemed to be all right.

The tavern owner and his bartender grew desperate. They were paying three premiums on Malloy's insurance policies and he wasn't cooperating a bit. This could be a losing proposition if it got out of hand. So they decided that they would change their technique. They turned to sardines.

"Sardines are good for you," Tony told his partner. "If you don't let them sit in the open can for a week." Murphy nodded and jimmied open a can of sardines with a rusty pocket-knife. He put the can on the bar behind some bottles. The contents sat there for a week,



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during which time Malloy continued on his diet of anti-freeze with no ill effects.

Then Malloy walked in one night around the middle of January and was handed, with his toxic drink, what was probably one of the biggest sardine sandwiches ever made. It was also the most concentrated load of ptomaine poison ever served in one meal. Mike was hungry, forgot his manners and gorged the sandwich in two bites. Then he downed his anti-freeze and sighed.

"You guys are too good to me," he said, with what looked like a tear in his left eye. Later he passed out according to form, but this time when he revived he complained he was hungry.

Next time they chopped up the top of a sardine can and ground the metal pieces into small bits. They added this to the sandwich. Mike ate three of them in one sitting. Nothing happened. Mike only licked his lips.

By February Tony and Murphy were beginning to get jumpy. Another premium was due soon on the three policies. Murphy stared out the window at the pouring rain, which seemed to turn to ice almost as soon as it hit the street.

"I'm through playing around with him," he said. "We've tried to make it easy for him, but he bounces too good. The hell with him. We're gonna get rough."

They got rough all right. Murphy handed him slugs of anti-freeze as fast as Mike could get them down. Into the back room he went again. Tony went out about midnight, telling Murphy to close up early and that he'd be back inside of an hour.

At 1 a.m.: Tony and Harry Green, a cab driver cut in on the deal, pulled up to the curb in Harry's taxi. Murphy had closed up and waiting for them inside. Together, they hoisted Malloy up and dumped him into the cab.

"Let's go!" Tony snarled. "This time no slip-up."

Harry Green raced down a route he and Tony had marked out earlier that night. Soon they arrived at a remote street in the north Bronx. Tony and Murphy yanked Malloy's unconscious frame out of the cab and propped it up against an empty crate they had placed in the middle of the road.

Harry backed his cab up about 500 feet, then threw it into low gear and shot ahead. He quickly shifted into second and third and was tearing along at almost 50 miles an hour by the time the cab slammed into Malloy.

Mike flew 25 feet into the air, came crashing back onto the concrete and lay motionless. Murphy wiped off the front of the cab and

they all climbed in and drove away.

Next day they gathered at the tavern. Each night that week they met. Tony and Harry passed the time playing rummy. On the eighth night Tony brought the policies along. He was in high humor—until the door swung open and Mike Malloy ambled in.

In desperation, Tony hired a new member of the gang, Frank Pasqua, a local undertaker.

"Frank knows about bodies," Tony announced to Green and Murphy. "He's smart about those things. And Dan knows about everything."

Frank grinned and outlined his plan. The next night, after Malloy had been rendered unconscious, they carted him to a nearby boarding house and propped him up against a couple of pillows on a bed. A rubber hose from the illuminating gas fixture on the wall was put in his mouth. In 15 minutes Mike Malloy was unquestionably dead. The hose was removed and Tony called the doctor.

"Pneumonia," Tony told him, as the others nodded sadly. "We did everything we could for him, but he was just too old, I suppose."

The doctor, who had been roused from a deep sleep, signed a death notice certifying that John Michael Malloy had passed on because of pneumonia.

The killers had a high time. When it came down to splitting the proceeds, there wasn't very much for each of them. But they weren't disturbed with the paltry income from this particular adventure. What interested them more was the undeniable confirmation that it apparently was easy as pie to insure a man's life, knock him off, then collect.

The quintet probably would have gone on to other escapades and eventually perfected their technique. But someone—the New York police still won't say who it was—tipped the cops that they might find something of interest if they dug up Mike Malloy's body and examined it carefully.

So Malloy's body was exhumed. The cops found to their amazement that it still reeked of alcohol. Frank Pasqua, the undertaker, had been overly economical; he hadn't bothered to embalm the body. In its liquor-saturated condition, police laboratory technicians had no difficulty in discovering that Mike had been pumped full of gas.

Confronted with the evidence, the insurance killers broke down quickly and confessed, hoping to escape a death sentence. But Tony Marino, Joe Murphy, Frank Pasqua and Dan Kreisberg went to the electric chair. Harry Green went to Sing Sing for 20 years.



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## DEATH RIDES A THUNDERBOLT

Continued from page 41

Rain slashed down on the speeding truck and a heavy gale bent the green trunks of the pine trees over the road as if they were clutching at us. Augie Bond's face was distorted, sweat streaming over it; his hands were clinched so tight on the steering wheel that the knuckles were white. The thunder rolled and volleyed, the sky was almost incessantly split by vivid spears of lightning. Once the trunk hurdled a washout on the road and it teetered momentarily, nearly toppled.

Something had happened to Augie Bond. It had transformed him from a gentleman, always undisturbed and nerveless in the face of sudden emergency or danger, to a madman, crazed, and in the grip of some monstrous and unreasonable fear.

I thought of the 100 quarts of nitroglycerin resting in tin cans that fitted neatly and snugly into felt-lined cells in the back of the truck. I knew that if a single drop of nitro was spilled in one of these cells, a trace of friction would send us to hell in a hand-basket. A boy of 17 can be powerfully scared.

The red truck roared out of the woods and into a wall of rain, the finale of the storm. In the distance there was only a faint rumble of thunder, feeble and infrequent flashes of lightning.

August Bond's hands relaxed and he brought the truck to a skidding halt. He opened the door and vomited.

Then he stood up, let the rain wash his face. His countenance resumed its normal serenity as he climbed back into the nitro truck.

"Kid, you saw me panic. Bad! Might have killed both of us," he said quietly. "But I couldn't help it! I go crazy when I drive through a thunderstorm!"

This was a long time ago, back in Pennsylvania.

Oil wells, either freshly drilled, or old wells, are often slick. The oil-bearing sands become clogged and don't produce as much oil as they should.

"Shooting" oil wells became a new trade. The methods have not changed much since the days when Colonel Roberts became the savior of the oil industry. Nitro is the most unpredictable of all liquid explosives. It explodes under a slight jar, or because of friction. It will explode because of spontaneous combustion, if it is not adequately washed when compounded in ob-

scure plants. It has been known to explode for no traceable cause.

At first, wagons were used to transport it, wagons built with gentle, expensive springs to absorb road shocks. Later, specially built trucks were made, the rear being composed of felt-lined cells for the gallon cans of nitro. Percentage-wise, the ratio of explosions that shook the countryside has not changed with the years. A blinding flash and a fearful roar that hollers the news that at least one man has been killed, maybe more.

After that one wild ride with Augie Bond, my enthusiasm waned. Augie grinned when I informed him. "Smart boy!" he said. We remained close friends, and I saw him often and we talked about oil field activities. We never discussed our ride.

Ten years later, I owned a slickly real estate business. It was next door to the offices occupied by the A. Cuyper Torpedo Company, the company that employed August Bond. He would drop in to see me while waiting for orders.

One day, in the midst of a heavy thunder shower, the windows of my office shook and rattled, and there was a distant rumble, a familiar sound in the oil fields, but infrequent. In a few minutes I heard the phone ring in the next office. Clarence Mosher, the manager of the torpedo company, came to my door, his face a mask of agony. He tried to talk, he choked up.

"Augie?" I asked. He nodded, stumbled back to his office.

His son, Adam Mosher, phoned me a few seconds later. His voice was unemotional. "Augie just got in. Around the corner from the camp meeting grounds at Pleasantville. No one else was hurt. Some property damage. Want to go up with me?"

There was a 15-foot hole in the asphalt road. The truck was a mass of twisted steel; the engine had been hurled 150 feet through the grove. Of course, there was no trace of August Bond. Adam talked with some people, then sat down beside me.

"Can't understand it," he grumbled, lighting a cigarette. "Can't understand it! You knew Augie, he was always a careful driver, never drove fast even when he was coming home empty. Man, the caretaker at Fairview Cemetery, half mile away, saw the whole thing. Storm was terrific, lots of thunder and lightning, there was rain and a heavy wind. Augie, the man said, was driving through the storm at 60 miles an hour, driving like crazy. Wrecked him. Can't understand it."

I could have explained it. But I kept my mouth shut.

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## SURBURBAN SEX GAME

Continued from page 10

here we were.

Everything went smoothly for the first hour or so. We had a few drinks and met everyone, and I was in good form—too good, according to Mary, who started giving me signals to slow down.

I found out right away our new friends could take anything I dished out—and top it without hesitation. John Peters, our host, was a foul-mouthed bum I disliked immediately, but everyone else seemed like the friends we'd had in Boston and I could see that Mary and I were going to fit in easily in our new home. One man, Fred Vincent, and I took a liking to each other right away.

John Peters was the kind of a guy who liked to think of himself as being irresistible with the ladies, and he made a big play for Mary. His wife, Jane, didn't seem to mind and Mary just smiled sweetly and said no thanks, but I began to burn.

I play a pretty fair game, and Mary's no slouch, so naturally I thought that between us we'd be able to take him. Would have, too, if things hadn't turned out the way they did.

Jane Peters, the luscious blonde I'd seen when we first came in, sat on my left, around the corner of the table where I could see all of her. Mary was diagonally across the table next to John Peters, and the other two couples were spread around the table, with Fred Vincent directly across from me and his port little brunette wife, Pat, next to me. I didn't like the seating arrangement one bit, but there wasn't much I could do about it.

Peters explained the ground rules when we were all seated, and right then I should have gotten up and walked out.

"Table stakes," he said, "and when you run out of money it becomes strip poker. Jewelry doesn't count. Just clothes. No borrowing. If you have to raise money, you can auction your clothes. And no one quits before midnight."

As I say, right then I should have gotten up and taken Mary home. I would have, too, except I was so mad at Peters by this time that I welcomed the chance to pin his ears back and maybe get a free look at that luscious blonde wife of his. I figured I'd gun for her until he got so mad it would be easy to take him over the coals.

"What kind of stakes to start with?" I asked.

"Twenty-five and a dollar," he said, leaning in front of Mary so he could talk to me, but actually not taking his eyes away from the front of her silk dress.

"Five-card stud with nothing wild," Peters said.

That was the beginning, and for a while I was doing real well. I wasn't winning any spectacular pots, but I was winning steadily, if slowly, and within an hour my five had grown to fifteen. Mary was holding her own, as I knew she would. Jane Peters was playing recklessly and had already lost most of the twenty she had started with. Fred Vincent and everyone else, except John Peters, was down a few dollars.

John and I were the big winners.

So far we had avoided each other, concentrating on each other's wives, but the tension was building up and I knew it wouldn't be long before we tangled in a big pot.

I was sure of it a few minutes later when Jane Peters tried to bluff Mary and auctioned off her blouse for two dollars when she ran out of money. I didn't even try to be polite and keep my eyes away from Jane, but she just laughed at me as she took it off and revealed another blouse underneath.

"Fooled you, didn't I?" she asked, smiling seductively.

Mary chuckled as she raked in the pot. "If I'd known about this, I'd have worn something different," she said, shrugging the shoulders of her one-piece dress. "If I lose this, there isn't much else to lose."

The next hand Mary had two pair back to back and she bullied the pot, shoving in all her money, Jane Peters' blouse and two of her own shoes for a dollar apiece, only to lose when Fred Vincent came up with two small pair.

"Why didn't you raise hell out of her when you had her hooked?" John Peters demanded.

Fred Vincent smiled gently. "Why should I? It's all in fun."

Fred was right, of course, but he was the only one who felt that way and from that point on the game got faster and faster. Jane Peters lost her second blouse and her slip, leaving her wearing only a brassiere and a skirt. I figured she liked to give the boys a kick because she hadn't even bothered to take off her shoes or stockings. Fred Vincent's wife lost her shoes, stockings and her skirt, so I knew she wasn't wearing anything under her heavy pique blouse. Mary had sold her half-slip, but she won back her shoes and stockings. I was right where I had been, about fifteen dollars ahead, except that now I had some clothes in front of me.

The other three girls weren't do-

ing well, either, and they were sitting around in bra and panties.

I got a two and a five the first time around, so I dropped out. Jane had a ten showing, Pat a king. Two other people stayed in around the table, but I could feel that this was just between the two gals.

Jane bullied the pot for all it was worth and by the second round of betting she had knocked out everyone but Pat.

It took several minutes of complicated arithmetic to calculate the value of the pot in terms of money and the auction value of the clothes, but it added up to more than fifty dollars.

"I'm going easy on you, honey," Jane grinned maliciously. "I could have auctioned off some of my own clothes and really made it rough."

Everyone laughed but Pat, because all Jane had left were panties and bra—No money. Pat had no money either. She blanched as she struggled with her modesty.

Pat shoved all her money into the pot, then reached behind her as if to unhook her bra. "What am I offered?" she asked.

This was it as far as everyone was concerned. This was the moment they had been waiting for, and you could feel the supercharged excitement. The bidding was lively for a minute, the men trying to get both gals to put all their clothes in the pot.

I gave twenty dollars for Pat's bra, at which point Fred Vincent asked his wife if she wanted to go through with it.

"Of course I do," she snapped. "What am I bid for my panties?"

Fred hauled \$130 out of his wallet and looked around challengingly. "Might as well make this interesting," he said. "Anyone object?"

"Raise you," said Pat triumphantly.

Jane stood up without a blush of modesty and stripped off her bra and panties and threw them into the center of the table. Then she looked at me.

"What am I offered, big boy?"

Across the table my wife Mary gave me a look, but I just winked.

"Ten dollars for everything," I grinned.

Jane didn't hesitate. "Everything?" she asked, her voice dripping sex and invitation. . .

That was when Mary and I walked out. When a man can sit there and watch his wife auction herself off to the highest bidder, I've had enough.

We'd learned our lesson, but Peters hadn't. I read in the paper the other day that someone had busted his head with a few well-placed blows with a blunt instrument. An irate husband, probably, and I could sympathize with him.





## I SAW AFRICA'S BLOODIEST RITES

Continued from page 24

social group in Southern Nigeria. You'd be surprised to know who some of the members are. I've got to do a report on the horse-beating ceremony. Some political bloke went home and talked about it and the S.P.C.A. wants something done to put a stop to the business."

"I should think so," I said. "But why horses?"

"No one knows," he said. "Maybe because they are scarce; they have to be bought from Hausa traders and marched down here from the north. But I think it has something to do with the fact that years ago Hausa cavalry raided these parts, enslaving the Ibos. I guess the horse-beating is a symbol of revenge. Can't get anything official on it, though. Look, if you're interested, why not come along with me to witness an initiation?"

I wasn't keen on seeing a horse killed. But Mac hinted it would be good to have a side man along so I agreed.

It was three weeks later when he sent a runner to tell me to meet him on the Udi Road. We pulled out in his motor cycle and sidecar towards Ogbaho, some fifteen miles away. We were both dressed in dark shirts, gray pants and dark hats. No sense in being conspicuous, Mac said.

A good distance from Ogbaho Mac pulled to the side of the road and an Ibo, whose forehead, brows and even eyelids were welched with hideous markings, met us.

"Mr. Adegbite," Mac said solemnly, "Council member of the Native Administration."

We were treading after him

through a narrow path in the forest. Suddenly a hideous roaring almost deafened me. It was like rolling thunder—but rhythmic.

I couldn't look. The noises were horrifying. When I dared look up I saw natives jumping on a wild-eyed pony and slashing it with knives. People were pouring bowls of its blood on each other.

"I can't stand it!"

"You've got to," Mac said. "Move now and they might kill us."

I couldn't take it any more. I backed away from there and threw up behind a tree. I was sweating like a pig and shaking all over when Mac came to me. He was pale as a ghost.

"Out of here," he snapped.

We stumbled down the long path. In less than an hour we were in his bungalow, getting plastered.

I wasn't making sense, raving and swearing, I'd go back and shoot those bloody savages.

"Look," Mac steadied me. "This has been going on a long time."

"All right," I grunted. "It's all very fine. But don't ask me to look at any more of it. You've got material for your report. I'm through."

I was, too. I used to hear the throb of drums and sweat the nights through knowing what was happening off there in the bush. I wondered what the S.P.C.A. would do about it.

It was almost six months later that Mac drew me to one side in the club one night.

"How about siding me on another horse-killing party?"

"Sorry, old boy," I said. "I've had it."

"Look," he said earnestly. "You want to help put a stop to it, don't you? Well, some S.P.C.A. bloke has sent out half a dozen humane killers. I've got to persuade them to use our way instead of torturing the poor beasts. If we can make it work over at Ogbaho we might persuade the whole society to use

them."

So I went along.

And I damned nearly didn't come back.

Mac had two killers. One was like a pistol with a flat plate at the muzzle; you hold it against the animal's forehead and fire a bullet into its brain. The other was a sort of mask and a cartridge that fired by tapping with a hammer and drove a spike into the brain. Both guaranteed instantaneous. We waited for the next bout of horse beating.

It wasn't long in coming. Meanwhile Mac had talked to Adegbite but he was terrified that he might be found out for showing us the initiation and would have nothing to do with us.

So we were on our own. We waited for the bulloarers one night, made our way to the society clearing just in time to watch a screaming horse being literally clubbed to death by some wealthy sod who was foaming like a madman. Mac held on to me like a vise.

"Hold still, you fool," he panted. "You'll ruin everything. Wait for the next one!"

They killed more white cocks, chopped a goat to death and butchered a cow this time. Then they brought out another pitiful creak of a pony whose hooves were white-washed and whose coat was daubed with paint. The assistant yanked his tail straight and the initiate was getting ready for the stroke when Mac and I stumbled down the bank and landed in the middle of the party.

The drums stopped and everyone stared. Then there was a babble of angry voices. Masked figures crowded around us and I realized with a mighty queer feeling that neither of us had anything with which to defend ourselves.

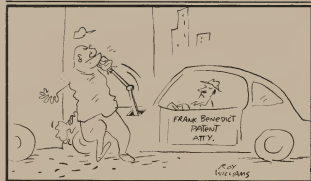
"Go away!" someone yelled from the back of the crowd. "No white persons allowed!"

A tall, blood-spattered figure capered in front of us, brandishing a length of twisted wire which he slashed at us. Mac stood still while the man, his eyes gleaming behind the fibre mask, swung that murderous wire until it sang not an inch from Mac's face. But the man dared not strike—yet.

"Put that down," Mac said. "I want to talk."

"No talk!" the man shouted. "You have no right to be here. We have Government permit for our society. Go away!"

They were crowding in on us. I was watching the bloke with the knife. He edged around and suddenly the horse let out a shrill scream. I saw him hack at the animal's tail. Blood spurted and the creature sagged as his hamstrings were slashed through. Yelling defi-



antly, the other struck with the twisted wire. The hide parted like wet paper—spewing gore. I kicked one out of my way, jammed the pistol killer against the animal's head and fired. He shuddered and collapsed.

"Now you can have him!" I shouted.

Hell broke loose! They milled around me until I could see nothing but knives and clubs. That wire came damned close to blinding me, too. I hit one in the mouth and pointed the empty killer at them. Mac, cursing, was trying to calm them. The initiate was weeping over the horse and squalling to the others who were tossing their bloody arms to the sky and evidently working up their nerve to rush us.

"Mr. Adegbite!" Mac shouted suddenly.

There was a startled hush. One of the cloaked figures backed to wards the big hut.

Adegbite came slowly forward.

"I put this man under arrest," Mac said loudly, pointing at me. "For interfering with your celebration, he will be punished."

Adegbite shouted at them, herding them into one end of the clearing. He turned as we backed away.

"Go now," he called. "There will be complaints of this trespass."

"Come on," Mac whispered. "Come while you can!"

He yanked me up the bank and we walked carefully, listening to the vengeful shouting until we were far enough away to take it easy.

"I thought I was your side man," I said bitterly. "What's the idea of pulling rank on me like that?"

"I ought to throw you in jail for a month," he growled. "You ruined everything. Now they'll move and have their horse-killings somewhere else and it'll take me months to find it. I might have talked them into letting us use these things if—"

"All right," I said. "I'm sorry. But why arrest me?"

"Because, my stupid friend, if I hadn't they might have done us both in. As it was I let Adegbite know I knew he was there and pretended to be on their side. I knew he could control his people, especially if it was discovered he was present when Europeans were attacked. I'm going to have to report you, though. Lots of District Office clerks in that bunch."

He did, too. And do you know they made me pay for another horse to take the place of the one I had saved from torture?

Mac told me a year later that he had called a palaver of the horse killing society and tried to sell them the humane killer idea. They turned it down flat.

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## THE TRUTH ABOUT FRENCH POSTCARDS

Continued from page 33

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identical pairs of official looking badges which they had purchased at a French version of a five-and-ten-cent store. They were promptly ushered through the nearly deserted, echoing museum to the curator's office.

"Morale officers," Jacques announced crisply, again flashing his dime store badge. The French curator behind his great desk nodded, asked them what they wanted.

"Hand us the official museum photographs of all your nudes," Jacques said. "The negatives."

In this way Jacques and his friend rounded up excellent negatives of two dozen French masterpieces, all nudes, created by recognized artists and hanging publicly in the most popular museums of Paris.

That night they copied the negatives on some precious black market film and the next day carefully returned the negatives to the museums.

Within days they had arranged in black market circles to have plates made from the negatives. Then they ran off hundreds of copies of the masterpieces on little cards about two inches by three inches in size.

"Now for the coup de grace," said Jacques to his friend. "Now we must arrange to get some little pink papers to wrap these in and some little fine golden seals."

The next day Jacques and his friend walked all over Paris rounding up the camelots.

"Meet us at the Place de la Republique" was the word, "and strike a blow for France." Then, as an added incentive, "And incidentally there is a good chance to earn a franc while you are at it."

That evening the cafes around the Place de la Republique were full of camelots. Many of them, like Jacques, were crippled. They came on crutches, with canes and occasionally in wheel chairs. They were the floating population of Paris, living on the border of the law, men who could be talked into stepping over the border by the promise of a few francs. But almost to a man they hated Nazis.

Jacques then proceeded to pass around, to the three or four hundred camelots present, an equal number of the little packets of pictures from the art galleries. The men opened them, noticed the credit line carefully marked on the

back, waited for an explanation.

Jacques had his photographer friend, again dressed in the German uniform, walk across the stage toward him. Jacques palmed the little pink packet in the cup of his hand as he would a card. Then when the "German officer" was a few feet away Jacques twisted his palm outward in a furtive way and looked cautiously around his shoulder as if looking for a policeman, and then whispered the words "naughty pictures" to the officer in German.

The camelots caught on immediately and stamped their feet in approval.

Within twenty-four hours the campaign had started.

Suddenly from nowhere thousands of little pink packets were being flashed all over Paris. The trick was always to act as guilty as possible, to make the German glance at the packet with its top picture showing, but to act so frightened of the police that the soldier could not examine the packet. Then, as the crowning psychological touch, to ask such an exorbitant price for the pictures that the German soldiers thought for sure they were as represented.

Then, a few months after Jacques went into business, he got a call from the French police.

Jacques, as an active camelot, knew the Commissioner well, greeted him by name.

"How are you, Martiner?" said the Commissioner. "What is this complaint we keep getting from the Germans? You know what the penalty is, for selling pornography."

Jacques put on his best shocked expression and exclaimed, "What! Does Monsieur call our French masterpieces pornography? Open this and you will see."

The Commissioner carefully unwrapped the package and as he flipped from one picture to the next, turned it over and saw the credit lines of the most famous names in French art, he slowly began to relax and enjoy the joke.

Jacques smiled. "Arrest me if you will, but then you must dream up a charge. We do not sell these pictures as anything but pictures. If the lowly Nazi mind pleases to see something else in them, we cannot prevent that. I don't believe this case will ever come to court."

Jacques Martiner was right. Not once was a case prosecuted against the camelots of Paris for selling masterpieces on the street corner.

And even today, with the Nazis gone, the camelots are still working their racket. Have you ever been one of their victims? If so, you've got plenty of company, for those French postcards are not as "feisty" as everybody thinks.

## WE FOUGHT THE BLACK DEVILS OF THE ARCTIC

Continued from page 31

feet sloshing through icy puddles and the fog swirling like smoke.

"Let's get out of here," Chuck said. "They'll never see us."

We were too late. As we neared the mouth of the inlet it became filled with bobbing, darting, barking animals. They bore straight at us, panting with fear.

They came on without stopping mouths open, needle teeth snapping wildly.

Beyond them we heard yells and the awful terrified barking of the seals. We shouted but no one heard us. Slowly we backed, smashing wildly at the bobbing heads. One, leaping clumsily at me, ripped my left arm savagely as he passed. I brained him and ran to the back of the cleft to wrap a shirt rag about my lacerated arm.

"Try to climb out," Chuck panted. "Can't keep 'em back!"

I tried, but handicapped by the torn arm, I couldn't climb the slippery cliff. By now there was about five clear yards between us and the wildly milling herd of stampeded seals. They bawled like calves, plunging at us, at the walls, snapping and ripping each other.

I yelled as best I could, punctuating my shouts with club blows. I could hear no more yelling from the beach. And the beasts were only seconds away from swarming over us.

Then we heard the stutter of a machine gun.

We heard shouts again, the flat crack of a revolver. More shouts and a searchlight blazed, making a bright cone in the fog. Several coast guardsmen rushed at us, their rifles ready.

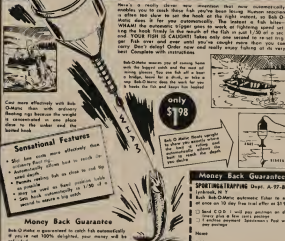
The patrol marched us down to the beach and a slimy mess we were. It developed that to avoid the coast guard, Evans and the St. George had been standing off in the fog while we butchered and loaded the pelts. While putting in to take off more boats he almost ran down the patrol vessel.

But that Evans, hard case as he was, did the right thing for us. He told the coast guard that we had shipped as hands without knowing the purpose of the voyage and that we weren't in on the poaching at all.

And now I'm home again, 1,800 miles from the sea. Why, hell, the nearest river is 200 miles from where I live. But that's close enough.

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